

SCHOOL DAYS.

By Joseph C. Lincoln.

It's lonesome in the stable-yard and where the chickens "peep,"
It's dull and stupid 'round the house, the kitten's fast asleep;
Old Towser, nosin' everywhere and huntin' 'round the place,
Comes back to whine and paw my knee and look up in my face;
And Mother, in the kitchen there, amongst the pans and things,
Is busy, but I haven't heard the song she always sings;
There's somethin' missin', somethin' wrong, that spiles the work and play—
And don't I know it? Well, I guess ' He's gone to school to-day.

I try to work and not to think, but, tryin' all I can,
I stop and wonder why it's still—no drummin' on a pan,
No rustlin' in the apple-tree, no splashin' by the pump,
And no one hid behind the post to "Boo!" and make me jump.
And in the house it's all so prim—no scattered book or block,
No laugh or shout, no nothin' but the tickin' of the clock.
I look at Ma and she at me: no need for us to say
What ails us both: we know too well— he's gone to school to-day.

He started out at ha'f-past eight, all rigged up in his best,
And with the slate beneath his arm, the books and all the rest;
And Mother fixed his tie once more, and did her best to smile,
And I stood by and praised him up and laughed about his "style."
But when he marched off down the road and stopped to wave good-bye,
'Twas kind of choky in my throat and misty in my eye.
Proud of him? Well, I rather guess!
And happy, too—but say!
It's mighty lonesome 'round the place— he's gone to school to-day.

But 'tisn't jest the lonesomeness that ails us, don't you know;
It isn't jest because he's gone till four o'clock or so;
It's like the little worsted socks that's in the bureau there,
It's like the little dresses, too, that once he used to wear,
The thought that something's past and gone, outgrown and put away—
That brings to Mother's heart and mine the bitter-sweet to-day;
It's jest another forward step in Time's unchangin' rule—
Our baby's left us now for good; our boy has gone to school.

NOON DAY.

By Katherine Hale.

But yesterday the piper Spring
Sat blowing tunes that turned to green
And through the little naked boughs
The color of his song was seen.

As soft the tunes the piper played
So soft the green—like mists of night.
Then wound our love, a slender lane,
With dear, indefinite delight.

But now—before we knew—'tis June.
So deep, so dark the leaves have grown.
The pipe is lost: the lane has led
Down to the Gate of Life—My Own.

A DARWIN STORY.

Some boy friends of Darwin once plotted a surprise for the great naturalist. Capturing a centipede, they fixed on to it a beetle's head, the wings of a butterfly, and the long legs of a grasshopper. Then putting the creature in a box, they took it to Darwin and asked him what it could be, explaining that they had caught it in the fields. Darwin looked it over carefully.

"Did it hum when you caught it?" he asked.
"Oh, yes, sir," they answered, nudging one another. "It hummed like everything."
"Then," said the philosopher, "it is a humbug."

Children's Corner.



Who Says that Dogs Can't Laugh?

CAPTAIN.

Every boy will agree with us that no farm is complete without a dog. To our mind, a collie is the best farm dog, but there are other good breeds as well. In some parts of the country, the big black, kind-hearted Newfoundland used to be common, but we fear his kind is becoming scarce. The picture of the dog, about which this article is written, shows a cross-bred, whose mother was a pure-bred Newfoundland, while his sire was a collie. The Newfoundland breeding is shown in his curly jet-black coat with a star on the breast, while in size, build, shape of head and expression he is something between the collie and Newfoundland types. His weight is 100 pounds. This was found out by laying a platform on a set of scales, weighing the platform alone, then the platform with dog on it, and subtracting. He is very fat and solidly built, and his back is broad and level as a table. From the time he was a pup, he was fed on bread made of corn meal and shorts. The corn meal, no doubt, did much to make him fat—for he has always been about as he is now—but wheat bread and meat would very likely have grown larger frame.

Captain, for that is his name, helps to drive the cows, and is a great watch dog. When the folks go away, he will stay all day long by the house, the neighbors say; and woe to the tramp who undertakes to go near! To children and decent folks, he is very gentle, but to tramps, ragged men, or sneaks, he is sharp and savage, and so massive are his jaws, and so sharp his shining teeth, that they usually keep a respectful distance away. Captain's home is along a public road, and he sometimes used to fight with passing dogs. Many a time he has been cuffed for running out at them. He never bothers people who are walking or riding in rigs, but he cannot abide a horseback rider, a bicyclist, or an automobile.

In summer, the rear part of his body is shorn with the horse clippers, leaving the front shaggy and rough. When clipped this way, he looks more like a lion, but when he runs, his lumbering gait reminds one of a bear. The boys used to nickname him "bear-lion-dog." Captain is now ten years old, and is getting pretty stiff. Some of the boys he used to play with are now away from home, and do not see him more than once a year, but he still knows them when they come, and is glad to answer their whistle as of old for a run across the fields.

A GREAT SURPRISE.

Bobbie and Dot were eating their porridge in a great hurry. It was one of those sunshiny spring mornings, when you feel as if you must get out of doors. Father was very busy reading the paper, and Mother was thinking about house-cleaning. Bobbie kept looking anxiously at the back of the news-

paper, and Dot kept making little faces at Bobbie, as if she thought he was too slow.

"Wait a minute, Dot," whispered Bobbie, "till he's just ready to go."

At last, Father laid down the paper, and Mother went round the table to kiss him good-bye. Then Bobbie spoke out in a hurry.

"Father, can Dot and I put some of those long boards against the back fence? We want to make a playhouse."

"No!" said Father, quite sharply, "you cannot. The yard is disgracefully untidy now, with all your things lying about. I don't know when I'm to find time to clear it up."

Father went off down the road to catch his car to town, and Mother stood at the window to watch him out of sight. Then she turned round, and saw Dot's curly head laid on the table, and Bobbie's face very red with trying not to cry. She put her arm round Dot, and smiled at Bobbie the kind of smile that makes you feel better directly.

"We fought we—would have—have such—fun," sobbed Dot. "It 'd be—a boo—hooful—play—house, if Daddie would—would let us have the boards."

"Well, my dear chicks, I'm as sorry as can be," said Mother; "but you mustn't be vexed with Daddie. He is so fond of us, and works so hard to make us happy. How would you like to have to sit in an office all day, instead of going out to play? I feel sorry for Daddie, don't you? Suppose you work instead of playing to-day, and surprise poor Daddie by tidying up the yard a little."

When Mother went away to give Baby his bath, Bobbie ran out into the back-yard, and Dot went after him, drying her eyes on her pinafore. It was a very, very untidy yard indeed, now that the snow had all gone, and left it bare. The wood pile was all falling down; there were chips, and bits of paper, and dead leaves scattered all over, Bobbie's broken cart, and Dot's old doll's carriage were lying on their sides, and the wheelbarrow was half sticking out of the shed. A poor old rocking-horse, with only three legs, was propped against the pump, and there was a seesaw in the middle of the yard. (Anybody who didn't know it was a seesaw would think it was only the old sawhorse with a board leaning against it.)

"How surprised Daddie will be when he comes home from the nasty old office," said Bobbie, trying his new trick of standing on his head against the wall, and nearly tumbling into the rain-water tub.

"Oh, Bobbie!" said Dot, "if you get wet, you'll have to go in, and there won't be any more fun. Let's start the surprise."

"I'll be captain," shouted Bobbie, "and have the rake, and you can pick up the paper."

He ran at full speed to the shed, and Dot ran into the kitchen for a basket, and then you should have seen them go to work. By dinner-time there was a great heap of rubbish in the middle of the yard, and the wood was piled tidily against the fence, and the cart, the carriage and the rocking-horse were hidden in the shed. Bobbie and Dot were very hot and smudgy, and as hungry as can be. After dinner, Mother and Baby came out, and they had a grand bonfire.

When nothing was left but a few ashes, they all sat on the rug, and played with Baby till tea-time. Then they heard the front gate click, and Bobbie and Dot went into the shed to hide. They peeped through a crack, and saw Daddie come round the house, with ever such a tired face. But when he saw the yard, he stood still, and looked as if he didn't know what to make of it.

"Well, well," he said, in such a puzzled way, that Bobbie had to put his hand on Dot's mouth to keep her from calling out. Then Daddie walked quickly over to the rug, and said to Mother, who was trying not to notice, "Have you seen any brownies about to-day, Mollie?"

Mother just laughed and told him to guess again. So he guessed old Grimes, who comes to dig the flower-garden, and Mary Ann, and Mother, and then he gave up. But Bobbie and Dot burst out of the shed, and gave him two such hugs, that he said, "Why, Mollie, it was two little brownies, I believe. This is the most pleasant surprise I could have had."

Now, I can just lie down on the rug, and be happy, instead of going to work."

So Father was as surprised as you could have wished, but that is not the end of this story. Even if I told you of the great game of hide-and-seek they had after tea, that would not be the end. For Father made a surprise after Bobbie and Dot had gone to bed. He took a lantern into the back-yard, and the hammer and nails, and against the high fence he made the most delightful playhouse. It had walls all round, a real door with leather hinges, and actually a window. When Bobbie and Dot found it in the morning, they did not waste any time guessing who had made it, but they both ran at Daddie, and hugged him till he choked.

Mother gave them a piece of carpet to cover up the ground, and Dot's little table, with their little chairs on each side, did nicely for furniture. Bobbie tacked pictures on the walls, and a blind on the window, and Dot hunted up bits of broken china for dishes, and they asked their friends to tea every day. Bobbie thinks Father's surprise was much better than theirs. I think so, too, don't you?
C. D.

THE LETTER BOX.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am a little boy, nine years old, and I thought I would write to "The Farmer's Advocate." My father is a farmer. We live on a farm about three miles from Woodstock. I go to school every day, and I am in the Second class. I have about a mile and a half to go, and I like going very much. I am collecting picture post cards. I have an album, and it is nearly full. It will hold ninety-five post cards. I will send you a riddle: Why is "The Farmer's Advocate" like an old carpet? Ans.—Because it is hard to beat.
MAC NEILL CLARKSON (age 9).
Woodstock, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I live on a fruit farm, about half a mile south of the village of Grimsby. I have a little calf, which I call Star. I go to school. I haven't got very far to walk. I read the Children's Corner nearly every week. We have got some tame rabbits, and some little chickens. My father has just started to take "The Farmer's Advocate." In summer holidays, I pick fruit.
Grimsby, Ont. J. ANNIE (age 12).

Like the gentlemen in his novels, the Irish writer, Charles Lever, carried his responsibilities with audacious ease.

In 1869, when he was Consul at Trieste, he paid a visit to England. On his arrival, says his latest biographer, Edmund Downey, he called on Lord Lytton. The two novelists chatted for some time, and at length Lord Lytton said:

"I am so glad for many reasons to see you here. You will have an opportunity presently of meeting your chief, Clarendon. I expect him every moment."

Lever was aghast. He recollected suddenly that he had left Trieste without obtaining formal leave. He endeavored to excuse himself to Lytton—he had to be off—he was very sorry, but— While he was explaining, the Minister of Foreign Affairs was announced.

"Ah, Lever!" said Lord Clarendon, in surprise. "I did not know you had left Trieste."

"No, my Lord. The fact is," said the ready Lever, "I thought it would be more respectful if I came and asked your Lordship personally for leave."—[Youth's Companion.

RECIPES.

English-lunch Bread.—One quart warm milk, 1 tablespoon lard, 2 beaten eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cake yeast, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, Five Roses flour to make a dough. Knead well, and let rise over night. Mould into loaves, let rise again, and bake.

Breakfast Biscuit.—One quart Five Roses flour, 2 heaped teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter in a quart of sweet milk. Add to the flour, beating well. Drop on a buttered tin by spoonfuls, and bake in a very hot oven.